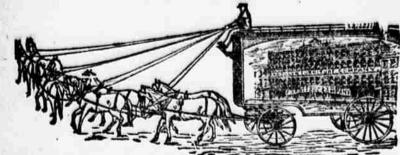
Furniture Must Go Regardless of Cost. All Marked in Plain Figures. Over \$500,000 in Value. This Great Sale Commences Monday, Aug. 1, and Ends Friday, Aug. 5. Our Object in Making this Great Sacrifice is to Make Room Before Taking Inventory of Stock. Mornings is the Best Time to Call to Avoid the Great Rush.



All Goods Bought During this Sale will be Delivered Free to All Parts of the Country Within 100 Miles Rallis of Our Stores.



Large size Oak Antique, 16th Century, or Cherry, Mahogany Polished; double rattan seats.



\$18 Couch for \$10. \$30 Lounge for \$16. The above Couch and Lounge, best Wilton Rugs, best Silk Plush Tapestry, &c.



THE LARGEST RETAIL MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.



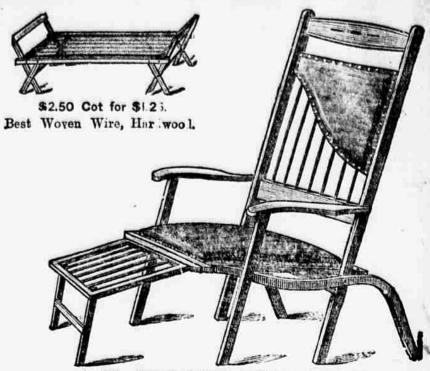
83 Rocker for \$1.75. Large size, double rattan seat.



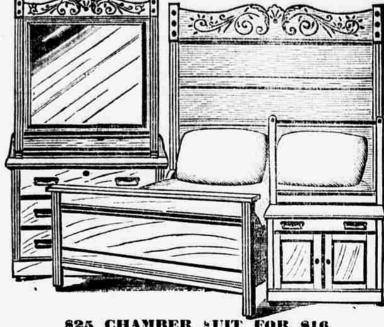
\$1 Rocker for 50c. Ladies' size, wood seat.



83 Rocker for \$1.50. Ladies' size, plush seat.



86 RECLINING CHAIR FOR 83. In Plu h or E abcssed Leather.



\$25 CHAMBER FUIT FOR \$16. Solid Oak, Large Bevel Plate, Hand Carved.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

GAY GARDEN CONCERTS FOR THE SUMMER EVENINGS.

The Sardin de Paris and L'Horitte-Tvette Guilbert's Graceful, Listless Poses and Hongs-La Granudina's Spanish Dances-Other Open-air Entertainments. PARTS, July 23.-The Church of La Madeleine

s a central point from which radiate many these ways, of a summer evening, and quite as devious as any other, is straight ahead as you leave the edifice, down the Rue Royale. The Rue Royale is nearly as well lighted and nearly as lively as the Grand Boulevard itself, of which it forms something like a continuation. It is but a sbort walk down this gay street, lined with restaurants, cafés, and tourists' shops, to the Place de la Concorde and the be-

sinning & the avenue of the Champs Elysies. The avenue of the Champs Elysées begins at the Page Royale looking toward La Madeleinet trumphal obelisk of Ramoses II. and onds with the Arc de Triomphe of Napoleon L. Under the spreading trees on either side of the avenue and in the Champs there are other bylyann, who is slight, graceful, delicately pink and white, very protty and charming; her

Other exclusive features. It is the lonly summer garden in the Champs Elysées where a high price is charged for mere admission, and it is the only resort in the Champs Elysées where the graces of brazen high kickers are still indulged on a public dancing floor. The admission price is one dollar. A "bock," which is a diminutive glass of French beer, costs ten cents; coffee with Cognac costs one franc; champagne per glass is one franc; ice cream costs one franc, a small glass of whiskey is also a franc, and absinthe Pernod is fifteen cents. The open-air variety performance commences at hall past 8.

First, Mile, Millefleurs will exhibit her learned pig, who sings, rides a hierele, goes through the musket drill, walls between bottles without upsetting them, and comes out at the end of his turn dressed in evening clothes. Mile, Juanita, with a Spanish song, will be either sick or nervous, and she will sing two verses and hastily make her bow. She can foresee the burst of satirieal appliance that is to reward her for being too young, too new, too ill, or too nervous, whichever it may happen to be. Le welf Marcenay, on evil-faced little boy of about twelve years, possessing remarkable self-contidence and very bad teeth, will next make his appearance. In a song of five minutes he will tell of his good and bad noists as a man about town. Mile, Chaire de Illans, the next singer, is a Jewess, and she has a Spanish sone. But relief comes with Dylyan, who is slight, graceful, delicately pink and white, very pretty and charming; her eream costs one franc; a small glass of whis-

square dances are given over to professional high-kickers, brazen hussys, who strutthrough the figures impudently and subordinate all to their specialty. A listless crowd of spectators gathers round each set and gazes perfunctorily at a dance as perfunctorily executed.

All the other open-air places of amusement in the Champs Elysées are summer theatres simply, where male and female singers afternate in the programme, and where there is no dancing except upon the stage. At L'Horloge, the two principal attractions are a troupe of Spanish dancers and Yvette Guilbort.

Yvette Guilbert—her name appeared in letters of fire in front of no less a place than the greater part of April—remains the fin de siecle singer par excellence. And during this summer it is at L'Horloge alone that she will continue to figure nightly, grinding out her fin de siècle songs—a long and slim figure thrust into a sage or cream colored garment, with long black gives on her slender arms.

While dancing at the Bal Builler. THE PUBLIC DANCE.

While dancing at the Rai Builler, She cracked her shoe-Mad'leine, Mad'leineshe cracked her shoe—Madleine, Madleine—
she chants in a droning way, with the air of
one tired of life. She soldem makes a gesture,
but helds her arms listlessly in front of hor.
The quictness of her manner is so studied
that each little douch of expression in face and
voice, as it is deled out grudgingly, takes on a
deeper meaning by reason of the gratitude by
which it is received by a strained audience,
Her songs are most often in the first person,



the kick of La Goulue, Grille d'Egout, La Sauterelle, Rayon d'Or, and La Melinite.

But there is not much to say for the general open-air dancing which follows. It is a continuation of this spectacle, executed by irresponsible girls without stage training. When a waltz is played, a few couples step out on the floor from the general public; but the taiont should be limited to the cale concert.
Her song grinds drearily, like a watch spring
which is sawing the bars of a jail whence a
soul would fain like away; and it requires
great fin de siecle ennation be able to enjoy her
declamation, whose chief virtue perhaps is
that it is different from everything else.

Here is one of her songs;

It seems that, at twelve, I had half of shining blood. It is quite possible it was then already dyed— I am not sure. Under the powder I don't know if I have a skin: And when my mouth spits red, is it blood or paint? I am not sare. I have my body loaded down with perfumea. I don't smell anything. Have I a nose to my face? I am not sure. If I want true love, I must hav it with gold. And when I die, shall I have a grave? I am not sure.

What Yvette Guilbert is blamed for is the hoice of her songs, yet they have helped to



went to which Earlish shurd denotes have generally accounted in the public of the publ

an English temperance evangelist, who has been travelling in this country for the past three years, is in jail here on the charge of swindling. Smith, who is an old man and very large, came to San Francisco in December last, and by showing letters of introduction from Spurgeon and other well-known divines, succeeded in ingratiating himself with the clergy there. He held revival meetings. lectured on temperance, and gave a specia locture. "Thirty Years Behind the Footlights." From San Francisco he went to Oakland and Alameda, and was well received everywhere.

About three months ago he began a search for a wife, but two of the clergymen of San Francisco advised him to get a permanent income before marrying. A few weeks later he exhibited letters, purporting to show his right to a moderate fortune in England. The story was that his father, a rich shipbuilder in Liverpool, had at death left a fortune to the Roman Catholic Church. The children had just succeeded in breaking the will and he himself

| Proof of the deep content of the conten

by the fact that the Amazon River Grains an The Missispip, too, drains half the earlies and the Missispip, too, drains half the earlies of a country larger than Brazil, but the class tributaries of the Stuth American River and the Maders, but the Purus. the Lawrence of the Stuthers of States.

Owing lakes only as the Ric Nerro and the Maders, but the Purus the Lawrence of the Law





MILE MILLEPLEURS AND THE AMERICAN PIG ter entertainments are given, but in none of them will be found such a superficially smart air. The Jardin de Paris is illuminated by thousands of tiny lamps of white and peachblow-pink, and its buildings are splendid with white paint and gilding. There is a band of fifty ricces for the dancing under the trees, and a smaller orchestra for the open-air vari-ety performance which precedes it.

Note the placards "American drinks," "English bar," and "Sherry-gobler cocktail, two francs," and note that where such exotics ficurish the atmosphere must be highly artificial. Therefore the Jardin de Paris is a pretentious place, given over to the foreigner in the first flush of his acquaintance with Paris, and especially affected by fipsy Englishmen in evening clothes. It has two

of modern Paris—the gas jets and electric lamps of open-air restaurants and concert gardons.

If one comes by this route to the Jardin de Paris, which is situated at the Bond Point of the avenue to the left and near the Arc de Triomphe, he will have passed on his way a number of similar establishments where better the state and knowing air of a Boulevard end with the assard awadrille.

The dancerstere two girls and two men. The girls are partly, and mo lessly enough dressed. The mosherent quadrille, as it is called, does not call for that thy she dispay of lace underword to which English skirt dancers have seen very much in evidence. Nini is a real prison, and her invention, if she claims one consists in a system of training by which your, hades bear to kick very high. This kick has been made the feature of a dance

